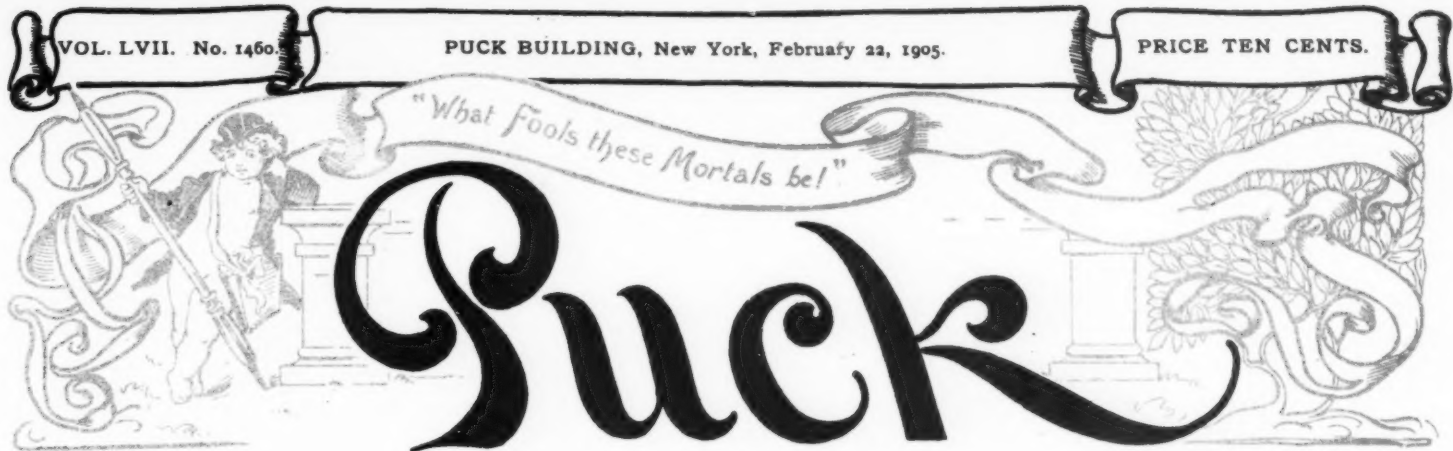


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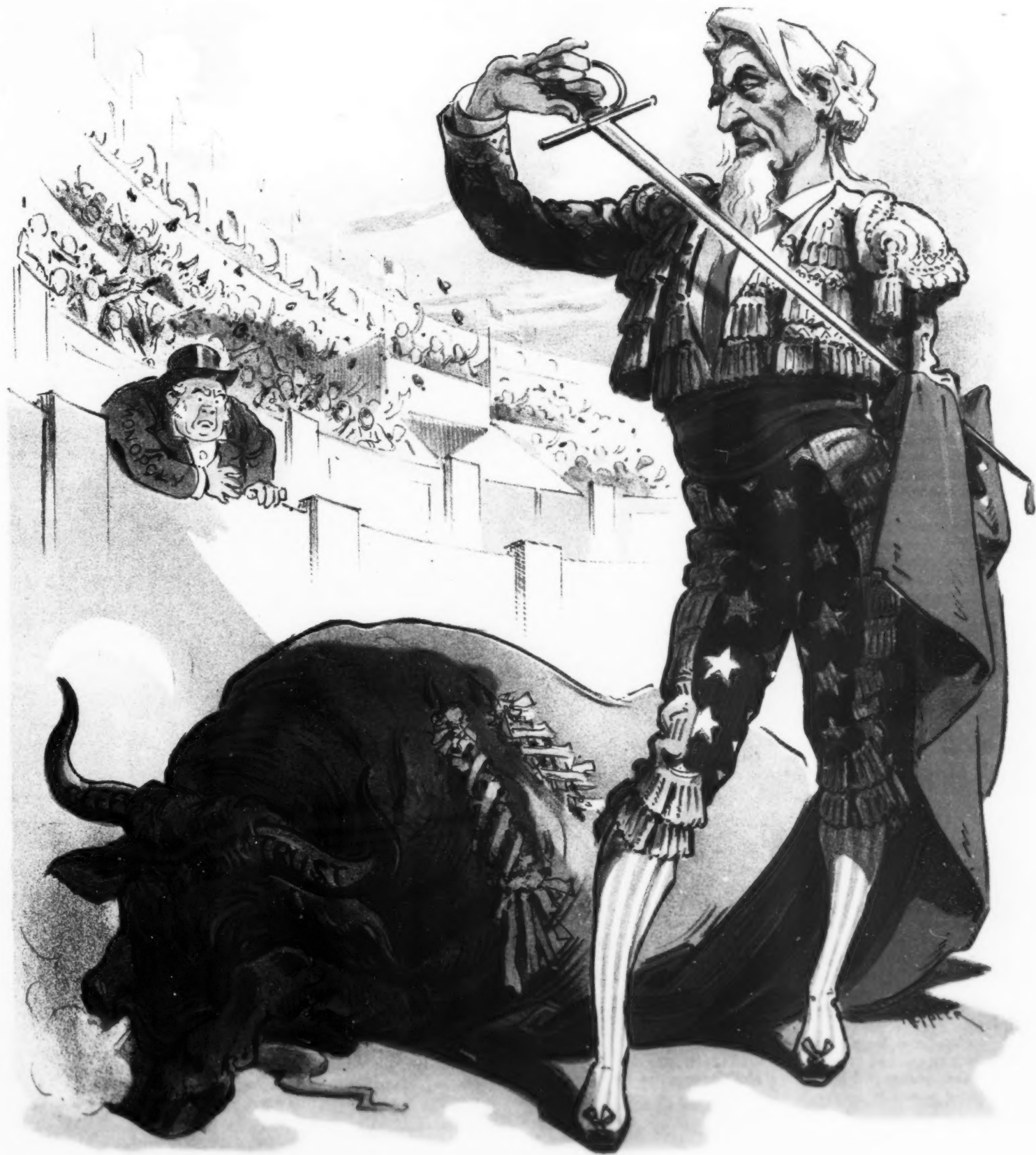
PUCK BUILDING, New York, February 22, 1905.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



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READY FOR THE NEXT.



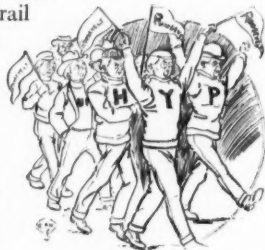
WE ARE thoroughly in accord with those public-spirited gentlemen who are agitating the question of Safety Rails in the Subway. The management of the trains is not yet sufficiently adroit, even granting that we in New York may ever hope to secure anything better than a dilletante service in any of our public utilities, to prevent the serious overcrowding of station platforms. The present hap-hazard distribution of Local and Express trains more often than not precipitates a congestion at Express Stations that is a source of very great danger to passengers. That no one has, as yet, been shoved off the platform on to the track in front of advancing trains, or possibly into warm contact with the third rail itself is rather an indication of the watchfulness of a kindly-disposed Providence than of anything resembling management on the part of the officers and employees of the road. It should not require the sacrifice of life or limb to awaken the minds of the Interborough Managers to the dangers to which their patrons are subjected by their failure suitably to rail off their platforms, but we do not feel that the agitators are going about the matter in the most effective way. Petitions to Railway officials are as a rule as valuable as so many paper pellets fired out into the air at random. They may be read and laughed at, but that any railway official of the present day would pay any attention to the arguments or requests they advance is too absurd to be thought of for a moment. The real way to accomplish the end sought is to call the Company's attention to the fact that by erecting rails along the edges of the platform it will by just so much add to the available advertising space at the disposal of Messrs. Ward and Gow, the real owners of the Subway. For every dozen yards of rail put up, ten more breakfast foods, ten more patent medicines, ten more new-fangled corsets or gutta-percha heels could be exploited to the enrichment of these worthies whose flower-stands have already been condemned as an obstruction to traffic, and whose news-stands have since their opening been a source of graft over and above the legitimate profits of legitimate newspaper distribution. When the Company is clearly convinced of the actuality of the cash profit involved in this measure of protection to the wayfarer of New York, we may expect it to regard the danger of present conditions to human life with some concern. To expect to convince it in any other way—well, that is a joke almost good enough to print in our Department of Puckerings.



MR. HEARST announces in one of his early morning evening editions that he does not desire to be Mayor of New York. We can assure the gentleman that his lack of desire is cordially reciprocated.

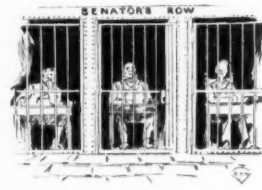
IT IS too bad of Chancellor MacCracken to throw cold water upon the proposition of the Inaugural Committee to have five thousand college men in the Monster Parade at Washington on the Fourth of March. What if it does cost \$150,000? Why should not the youth and brawn of the Universities of the land be willing to contribute this much to the success of a function the like of which this country has never known? Mr. MacCracken should remember that this is the only real Inauguration Mr. Roosevelt has ever had, and, if we may take his word for it, is the only one he ever will have. Why not make it memorable in every possible way? It is to the credit of the Committee as well as to that of the President himself who doubtless suggested the idea that the parade should have features that are not entirely militaristic. It is indeed a soothing thing to those of us who have feared the strenuous tendencies of the President-elect that he should desire the warriors of learning as well as the panoplied soldiers of the battle-field to accompany him on

his way to the Capitol at the crowning moment of his career. It is reassuring to find him seeking at such a moment the companionship of the intellectual rough riders of the hour as well as that of his old comrades in arms in the fierce battle of the Alamo, when he and they together rushed up the blazing façade of Bunker Hill and planted the standard of freedom on the heights of Valley Forge—or something of the sort—the exact details of the battle have escaped us. He has been accused of consorting almost wholly with men of blood and iron, and now that in the moment of his triumph he calls to his side the sons not of Bellona but of Minerva, it ill befits Doctor MacCracken or anybody else to put obstacles in his way. If he had summoned only the foot-ball elevens it would have been different, but as we understand it this has not been done. Every collegian, whatever his prowess in physical culture or lack of it, will be welcomed, and as many of them as can do so ought to go. We only wish he had called for Editors as well. There is nothing Puck would like better than to be in the front platoon of this pageant to do honor to the man whom, however much we may differ with him in his policies and dislike his methods, we respect for his manliness and admire for his intrinsic honesty.



NO, HYPERCRITICUS, railways never issue passes to Presidents as individuals. They are issued to the Government. The fact that we have a Government that shoots Mountain Lions from parlor car windows and likes to supervise personally its Asparagus patch at Oyster Bay does not alter the circumstances in the least.

COME TO think of it, why should not Mr. J. E. O'Sullivan Addicks aspire to a seat in the United States Senate in this year of grace 1905? What is there in his character known or told by Lawson which makes it improper for him to sit in a body, three of whose members are under indictment at the present time for fraud; one of whom is under investigation because of his Mormonistic proclivities; another of whom is under charges in his own state of having violated the Federal statutes in not one but three or four particulars; two or three others of whom find their names inscribed upon the roll of honor as being among the most notorious lobbyists of their age; and still another of whom, unhappy fate, is the defendant in a suit for breach of promise of marriage? We have never been particularly impressed with the high moral character of Mr. J. E. O'Sullivan Addicks, but what he has done to make himself unfit for association with these other gentlemen we are not aware. Will somebody kindly supply us with a bill of particulars?



THEY CERTAINLY are queer people, those royalties. The Crown Prince of Germany offends his father, the Emperor, and to punish him the Kaiser sends him off to visit his fiancée. But stay—on second thoughts it may have been his mother-in-law elect!

THE FIGHT between the President and the Senate bids fair to be a pretty one. Public feeling runs high and most of it appears to be on the President's side, not necessarily because the President is right but because he is more popular than the Senate can ever hope to be. All deep thinkers of the country are rushing into print about it, and up to date Mr. Carnegie is for the Senate and Mr. Straus is for the President, and there the matter stands. Mrs. Chadwick, Bourke Cockran and Lawson have not yet been heard from. Our own opinion is that it is a very undignified proceeding all around and that the sooner Mr. Aldrich comes back from Europe and takes charge of things again the better. Up to date we see no reason to be proud of anybody down there at Washington. Nobody is earning his salary as far as public business is concerned unless quarrelling among themselves is a part of our servants' job.



George, as His Father Saw Him.



HAD I NOT been fond of antique furniture, I should have passed the shop by. And, had I passed the shop by, I could scarcely have seen, away back in a dusty, dusky corner, an old hall clock, some seven feet high. As it was, I entered the shop and consequently, beheld the clock.

On account of its height and military straightness, it stood guard, seemingly, over numerous quaintly shaped chairs, massive sideboards, claw shod, tables and a host of their smaller neighbors, the Sheffield candlesticks, the pompous old tobies and the warming pans, long grown cold. The dealer, however, more practically regarded it.

"A bargain!" said he. "Ninety dollars takes it. It's one hundred and seventy-five years old, if it's a day, and it's in prime condition. Examine it yourself."

Opening the panel, which leads in tall clocks to the abyssmal depths where hang the weights, the dealer stepped back to give his action full effect, paying no attention, apparently, to a piece of crinkled paper that, released from somewhere within the clock, fell lightly to the floor.

"Examine it yourself," said the dealer again, and left me for a moment to attend to another stray faddist.

The clock, however, was not such a shimmering bargain as the blithely veracious antique man had represented. The veneering, in many places, I found to be badly chipped and broken, so it was without a pang that I turned to look at something else. What it was I turned to do I do not now recall. It is immaterial. I only know that, feeling something beneath my foot, I picked up the paper that had fallen from the clock, and for hours and hours thereafter, had eyes for nothing else. I'm afraid I did not act honorably by my friend, the antique man. In fact, I *know* I did not. I put the paper, crinkled and brown, carefully in my pocket and left his shop.

I did not touch my find again until, quietly at home, I spread it out beneath my library lamp. To expect you to believe me at once, when I tell you what it was, would of course be unreasonable. I could scarcely believe it myself at first, and yet, across the top of the paper—it was a page, apparently, torn from a private journal—was the name Augustine Washington, and the date, Feb. 22d, 1739. It was the handwriting, beyond peradventure, of George Washington's father; and the tall clock, veneering chipped or not, was as precious an heirloom as any at Mount Vernon.

And here is what I read upon the page:

"Verily, my mind is foretroubled. This day, which of February is the twenty second, is also the birthday of son George, my fifth child, who hath lived, all told, by record in the Family Bible, seven years, no months and no days. I fear me greatly for his future happiness and welfare. His brother, Lawrence, at his age, was of well ordered disposition, sober minded and above all else, obedient. George, I regret to say, is sadly lacking in all these essentials, and as I have before said, I fear me greatly left he go to that which, in my good youth, was termed 'ye badde.'"

"Only this day, which, being his birthday, did seem to me a time most meet for words of solemn counsel, George did scoff when I addressed him. Alfo, albeit my manner was mild and unattended by dire threats of any description, George did call me 'Poppe'—a word of which I know not e'en the meaning—and, further, for some reason known only to his wild self, suggested, rudely, that I should dismiss the subject wholly from my mind, or, to use his own outlandish speech, 'forget' it. I have made inquiries of son Lawrence and find that said speech is a new thing in these parts termed 'flang,' and vastly popular hereabout with boys of bad upbringing.

"Nor is this all. Despite my best endeavors to lead him aright, including therein sundry chastisements, he, son George, persists in carving G. W. on my clothes puffs; marking with scrawls my choicest copies of 'Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations' and 'The Afflicted Man's Companion'; pestering the cook, and inciting his younger brothers, Samuel and John Augustine, to all

manner of unfeemly conduct beneath my roof. And to these exhibitions of youthful vice, he of late has added yet another, and more serious: Contempt for the fervants of His Majesty, the King. A squad of His Majesty's troops, passing by on the road to Frederickburg, George did touch the tip of his nose with the end of his right thumb and move his fingers from fide to fide, as one might move a partly opened fan.

"For this deed of wanton disloyalty—even treason—I did seek to punish George by setting him a task at the wood-pile, which adjoins my orchard. Alas! Instead of bettering his conduct, it led to worse. To-day, at 12:15 in the afternoon, he was detected in an amazing falsehood.

"Walking through the orchard, I observed with much distrefs and anger that my favorite cherry tree, the one which did promise to bear so well next season, had been ruthlessly cut down. Questioning George as to who had done the deed, he said in a voice that deeply touched me:

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with this axe."

"Whereupon I did start to commend him on his manliness, my hand already upon his head, when Lawrence, approaching, stayed me.

"Father," said he, "it was not George at all. It was Rainbow, the coachman's son. I saw him myself from the window."

"Then again did George make use of a term wholly meaningless—the self same *flang*, I doubt not—and referred most disrespectfully to his brother, Lawrence, as some member of the crustacean family—I think, a lobster.

"I shudder to think of the dismal fate that inevitably awaits this reckless lad. What was there between him and the coachman's son that should make him shield the latter's devilry? I shall make some searching inquiries upon the morrow. Meantime, nothing of this to Mrs. Washington. She, poor lady, is distressed over George sufficiently. Oh, it is a fearful thing to be a parent! Why did George say *he* did it, when Rainbow —"

There the page ended in a diagonal tear which, as near as I could judge, was of recent occurrence. It did not take long to conjecture that the rest of this priceless paper was somewhere inside the clock. I noted the time. It was long past closing hour, and the antique shop would be shut. I could do nothing more that night, but to-morrow the rest of the paper should be searched for and found, and History, after nearly two centuries, would learn the real facts in an affair which for years had been open to dispute.

The next morning, early, I went to the shop.

"That old clock you were showing me yesterday," casually I began.

"Sold!" said the antique man, very much in the manner of a snappy auctioneer.

"Sold!" I echoed, poorly concealing my agitation.

"Sold to a man half an hour after you left," the dealer went on. "Odd man, too. Seemed rather excited. Looked the clock all over, and finally, when he found a bit of brown

paper stuck somewhere inside, said to himself: 'By Jove, at last! This is it sure.' Then he paid for the clock on the spot, got an expressman and took it away with him. What was on the paper? Oh, some folderol in queer old writing about a chap named George and a rainbow. Funny sort of an experience, was n't it?"

"Very," I agreed, but in such a hollow, spiritless fashion that my own voice startled me.

With just a commonplace, for the second time I left the premises. The trail had come to an end and there was nothing to do but stop. The man who bought that clock, and who took it away with him, however, is the man I some day hope to meet. Perhaps, he would like also to meet me. Anyway, if he reads this simple narrative, the whereabouts of the top half of his paper will be known to him. And hereby, publicly I proclaim, from motives of the purest patriotism, that if *he* will give the bottom half to the Smithsonian Institution, I will present the top.

Arthur H. Folwell.

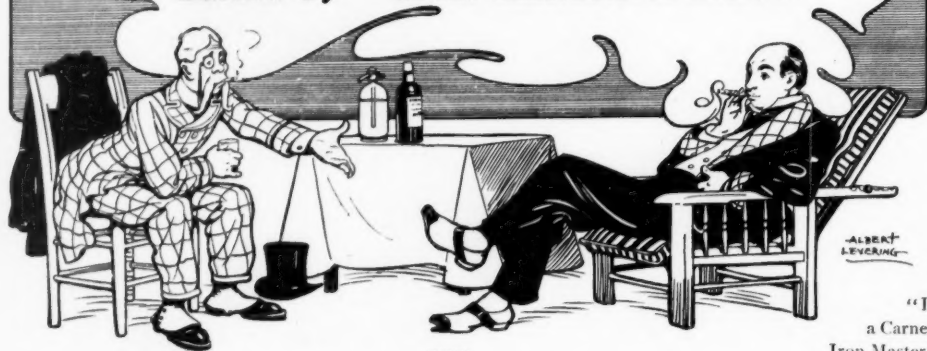


"Persists in carving G. W. on my clothes puffs."

YOU CAN sometimes extract a good deal of comfort and some profit out of knowing when to quit hoping for the best.

MRS. RAFFLES

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR CRACKSWOMAN
NARRATED BY BUNNY
Edited By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



VIII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

"MERCIFUL MIDAS, Bunny," said Henriette one morning as I was removing the breakfast tray from her apartment. "Did you see the extent of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions in the published list this morning?"

"I have not received my paper yet," said I. "Moreover I doubt if it will contain any reference to such matters when it does come. You know I read only the *London Times*, Mrs. Van Raffles. I have n't been able to go the American newspapers."

"More fool you, then, Bunny," laughed my mistress. "Any man who wants to pursue crime as a polite diversion and does not read the American newspapers fails to avail himself of one of the most potent instruments for the attainment of the highest artistic results. You cannot pick up a newspaper in any part of the land without discovering somewhere in its columns some reference to a new variety of house-breaking, some new and highly artistic method of writing another man's autograph so that when appended to a cheque and presented at his bank it will bear the closest scrutiny to which the Paying Teller will subject it, some truly Napoleonic method of entirely novel design for the sudden parting of the rich from their possessions. Any University which attempted to add a School of Peculation to its curriculum and ignored the daily papers as a positive source of inspiration to the highest artistry in the profession would fail as ignobly as though it should forget to teach the fundamental principles of high-finance."

"I was not aware of their proficiency in that direction," said I.

"You never will get on, Bunny," sighed Henriette, "because you are not quick to seize opportunities that lie directly under your nose. How do you suppose I first learned of all of this graft at Newport? Why by reading the newspaper accounts of their jewels in the Sunday and Daily newspapers. How do I know that if I want to sand-bag Mr. Rockerbilt and rifle his pockets all I have to do is to station myself outside the Crackerbaker Club any dark opera night after twelve and catch him on his way home with his fortune sticking out all over him? Because the newspapers tell me that he is a regular habitue of the Crackerbaker and plays bridge there every night after the Opera. How do I know just how to walk from my hall bed-room in my little East side tenement up Fifth Avenue into Mrs. Gaster's dining-room where she has a million in plate on her buffet with my eyes shut without fear of stumbling over a step, or a chair or even a foot-stool? Because the newspapers have so repeatedly printed diagrams of the interior of the lady's residence that its halls, passages, doorways, exits, twists, turns and *culs de sac* are indelibly engraved upon my mind. How did I acquire my wonderful knowledge of the exact number of pearls, rubies, diamonds, opals, tiaras, bracelets, necklaces, stomachers and other gorgeous jewels now in the possession of the Smart Set? Only by an assiduous devotion to the contents of the daily newspapers in their reports of the doings of the socially elect. I have a scrap-book, Bunny, that has been two years in the making and there has n't been

a novel burglary reported in all that time that is not recorded in my book, not a gem that has appeared at the Opera, the theater, the Charity Ball, the Horse Show or a Monkey Dinner that has not been duly noted in this *vade mecum* of mine, fully described and in a sense located. If it was n't for that knowledge I could not hope for success any more than you could if you went hunting mountain lions in the desert of Sahara or tried to lure speckled trout from the depths of an empty gold-fish globe."

"I see," said I meekly. "I have missed a great opportunity. I will subscribe to the *Tribune* and *Evening Post* right away."

I have never understood why Henriette greeted this observation with a peal of silvery laughter that fairly made the welkin ring. All I know is that it so irritated me that I left the room to keep from making a retort that might seriously have disturbed our friendship. Later in the day, Mrs. Van Raffles rang for me and I attended upon her orders.

"Bunny," said she, "I've made up my mind to it—I must have a Carnegie Library, that is all there is about it, and you must help. The Iron Master has already spent \$39,000,000 on that sort of thing and I don't see why if other people can get 'em, we can't."

"Possibly because we are not a city, town, or hamlet," I suggested, for I had been looking over the daily papers since my morning's talk with the lady, and had observed just who had been the beneficiaries of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions. "He don't give 'em to individuals, but to communities."

"Of course not," she responded quickly. "But what is to prevent our becoming a municipality?"

My answer was an amazed silence, for frankly I could not for the life of me guess how we were to do any such thing.

"It's the easiest thing in the world," she continued. "All you have to do is to buy an abandoned farm on Long Island with a bleak sea front, divide it up into corner lots, advertise the lots for sale on the installment plan, elect your Mayor, and Raffleshurst-by-the-Sea, Swept by Ocean Breezes, fifteen cents from the Battery, is a living breathing reality."

"By the jumping Disraeli, Henriette, but you are a marvel!" I cried with enthusiasm. "But," I added, my ardor cooling a little, "won't it cost money?"

"About \$1,500," said Henriette. "I can win that at Bridge in an hour."

"Well," said I, "you know you can command my services, Henriette. What shall I do?"

"Organize the City," she replied. "Here is fifty dollars. That will do for a starter. Go down to Long Island, buy the farm, put up a few signs calling on people to own their own homes; advertise the place in big capital letters in the Sunday papers as likely to be the port of the future, consider yourself duly elected Mayor, stop in at some photograph shop in New York on your way back and get a few dozen pictures of street scenes in Binghamton, Oberlin, Kalamazoo and other well-populated cities, and then come back here for further instructions. Meanwhile I will work out the other details of the scheme."

According to my habit I followed Henriette's instructions to the letter. A farm of five hundred acres was secured within a week, the bleakest, coldest spot ever swept by ocean breezes anywhere. It cost six hundred dollars in cash, with immediate possession. Three days later with the use of a ruler I had mapped out about 12,000 corner lots on the thing and thanks to my knack at draughtmanship had all ready for anybody's inspection as fine a ground plan of Raffleshurst-by-the-Sea as ever was got up by a land booming company in this or any other country. I then secured the photographs desired by my Mistress, advertised Raffleshurst in three Sunday newspapers to the tune of a half page each and returned to Newport. I flattered myself that the thing was well done, for on reading the advertisement nothing would do but that Henriette should visit the place in person. The ads were so phrased, she said, as to be irresistible.

"It's fine, Bunny," she cried, with an enthusiastic laugh as she gazed out over the broad acres of Raffleshurst, and noted how well I had fulfilled her orders. "Under proper direction you are a most able workman. Nothing could be better. Nothing, absolutely nothing. And now for Mr. Carnegie."



"It's fine, Bunny!" she cried.

PUCK

I still did not see how the thing was coming out, but such was my confidence in my leader that I had no misgivings.

"Here is a letter from Mrs. Gaster introducing the Honorable Henry Higginbotham, Mayor of Raffleshurst, to Mr. Carnegie," said Henriette. "You will call at once on the Iron-Master. Present this letter, keeping in mind of course that you are yourself the Hon. Henry Higginbotham. Show him these photographs of the City Hall at Binghamton, of the public park at Oberlin, the High School at Oswego, the battery walk at Charleston and other public improvements of various other cities, when he asks you what sort of a place Raffleshurst is; then frankly and fearlessly put in your application for a \$150,000 library. One picture—this beautiful photograph of the Music Hall at the St. Louis Exhibition you must seem to overlook always, only contrive matters so that he will inquire what it is. You must then modestly remark that it is nothing but a little \$200,000 Art Gallery you have yourself presented to the town. See?"

"I'm—yes, I see," said I. "But it is pretty risky business, Henriette. Suppose Mrs. Gaster asks for further information about Mayor Higginbotham? I think it was unwise of you to connect her with the enterprise."

"Don't bother about that, Bunny. I wrote that letter of introduction—I have n't studied penmanship for nothing, you know. Mrs. Gaster will never know. So just put on your boldest front, remember your name, and don't forget to be modest about your own \$200,000 Art Gallery. That will inspire him, I think."

It took me a week to get at the Iron-Master; but finally, thanks to Mrs. Gaster's letter of introduction, I succeeded. Mr. Carnegie was in a most amiable frame of mind and received me cordially, even when he discovered my real business with him.

"I had n't intended to give any more libraries this year," he said, as he glanced over the pictures. "I am giving away lakes now," he added. "If you wanted a lake, Mr. Higginbotham, I—"

"We have such a large water front already, Mr. Carnegie," said I, "and most of our residents are young married couples with children not over three and five. I am afraid they would regard a lake as a source of danger."

"That's a pretty play-ground," he suggested, glancing at the Oberlin Park. "Somehow or other, it reminds me of something."

I thought it quite likely but, of course, I did n't say so. I may be a fool but I have some tact.

"It's at the far corner of the Park that we propose to put the library if you are good enough to let us have it," was all I ventured.

"H'm!" he mused. "Well, do you know I like to help people who help themselves—that's my system."

I assured him that we of Raffleshurst were accustomed to helping ourselves to everything we could lay our hands on, a jest which even though it was only too true seemed to strike him pleasantly.

"What is that handsome structure you always pass over?" he asked, as I contrived to push the Music Hall photograph aside for the fifth time.

I laughed deprecatingly. "Oh, that," I said modestly, "that's only a

little \$200,000 Music Hall and Art Gallery I have built for the town myself."

Oh that wonderful Henriette! How did she know that generosity even among the over-generous was infectious?

"Indeed!" said Mr. Carnegie, his face lighting up with real pleasure. "Well—Mr. Higginbotham, I guess—I guess I'll do it. I can't be outdone in generosity by you, sir, and—er—I guess you can count on the library. Do you think \$150,000 will be enough?"

"Well, of course—," I began.

"Why not make my contribution equal to yours and call it an even \$200,000?" he interrupted.

"You overwhelm me," said I. "Of course if you wish to—"

"And the Raffleshurst Common Council will appropriate five per cent. of that amount annually for its maintenance?" he enquired.

"Such a resolution has already been passed," said I, taking a paper from my pocket. "Here is the ordinance, duly signed by myself as Mayor and by the Secretary of the Council."

Again that extraordinary woman, to provide me with so necessary a document!

The millionaire rose with alacrity and with his own hand drew me the required cheque.

"Mr. Mayor," said he, "I like the quick business-like way in which you do things. Pray present my compliments to the citizens of Raffleshurst-by-the-Sea, and tell them I am only too glad to help them. If you ever want a lake, sir, don't fail to call upon me."

With which gracious words the millionaire bowed me out.

"Two hundred thousand dollars, Bunny?" cried Henriette when I handed her the cheque.

"Yep," said I.

"Well, that is a good day's sport!" she said, gazing at the slip. "Twice as much as I expected."

"Yes," said I. "But see here, Henriette, suppose Mr. Carnegie should go down to Raffleshurst to see the new building and find out what a bunco game we have played on him?"

"He's not likely to do that for two reasons, Bunny," she replied. "In the first place he suffers acutely from lumbago in winter and can't travel, and in the second place he'd have to find Raffleshurst-by-the-Sea before he could make the discovery that somebody'd put up a game on him. I think by the time he is ready to start we can arrange matters to have Raffleshurst taken off the map."

"Well, I think this is the cleverest trick you've turned yet, Henriette," said I.

"Nonsense, Bunny, nonsense," she replied. "Any idiot can get a Carnegie library these days. That's why I put you on the job, dear," she added affectionately.

Next Week:

The Adventure of the Hold-up.

POETIC JUSTICE.

OFFICER.



WHEN long to rest the world had sunk,
I found this person roaring drunk.

CULPRIT.

Denial, sir, I can not make,
Drunk I was, and no mistake.

JUDGE.

To show how poorly drinking pays,
I'll send you up for thirty days.

LOVE MAY BE INTOXICATING, BUT—

W. C. T. U. LADY.—If I was your wife, sir, I'd give you poison.

INEBRIATE GENTLEMAN (*soberly*).—If you *was* my wife (*hic*) madam, I'd be (*hic*) dom glad to take it!

It is hardly worth while nowadays to corner the sackcloth and ashes market even if Lent is in sight.

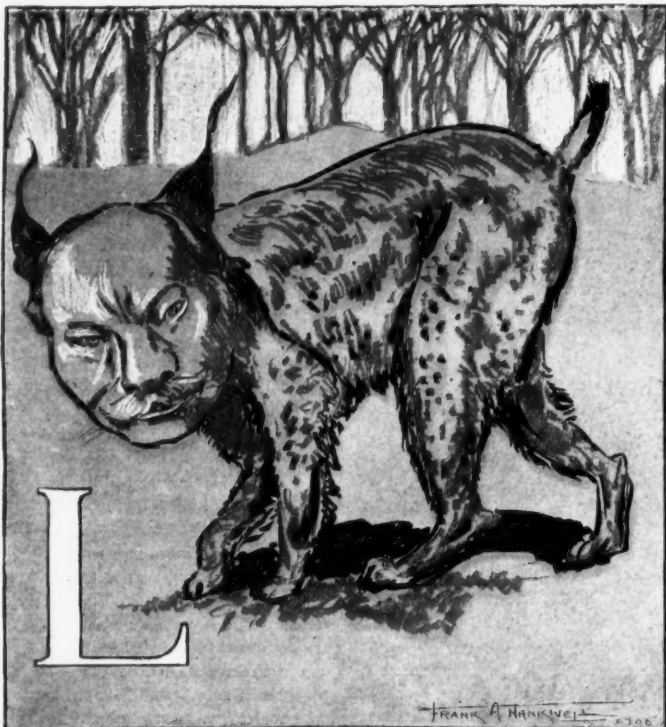


SPIRIT.

MEDIUM.—Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirit?

MRS. WHIFFLETREE.—No; I want to see his ghost! Josh never had no spirit!

PUCK



Puck's Alphabet.

L IS for Lynx, Landlubber and Lamb;
You'll find it in Film and you'll find it in Flim,
Lawgiver and Lawless and Loopi-di-Loop,
In Loot, and in Luck, but never in soup.
The creature above is quite gentle, 'tis said,
And dwells in the Zoo of the Emperor Ted.

M STANDS for Mouth and for Mourful and Mule,
But never for Idiot, Zany, or Fool;
For Machiavelli, Mad-brained and for Maul,
But never for Quither, or Traitor or Crawl.
This animal here seems a Mule to the Mass,
But none would mistake him of all for an Ass.



"WARNING."



S T. PETER put back on the golden rack
The golden key to the golden gate.
"No good," quoth he, and returned to me
My ticket to Paradise, "Section 8."
"Why, what is wrong?" I managed to say;
"To purchase this I have given my all."
"Read," said the Saint, and my soul grew faint
As I fronted this legend upon the wall:

Warning
Tickets obtained of Speculators
will positively be Refused
at the Gate.

"On earth below they have, I know,
Such legends, dear Saint, and I've conned them o'er;
But nothing they mean; for never, I ween,
Was ticket refused at a Broadway door."

St. Peter's blue eye flashed with wrath;
"Falsehoods pave the great Broad Way;
But here at the end of the Narrow Path
We say what we mean; what we mean, we say."

So I turned my back on the gate of gold,
And sadly wended my way below
Where no tickets are taken, for none are sold,
And sat in at Satan's hot vaudeville show.

DRAMATIC MARKET REPORT.

The Market for the week exhibited a bullish tendency. Weak European cables advanced common to prime native plays ten per cent. Receipts were light on the whole, on account of an unexpected falling off in Clyde Fitches and Theodore Kremers, less than a carload of these commodities being received. Pineros were feeble, moral rot having blighted the last shipment. Refined Augustus Thomases were firm, and there was a steady demand for prime western Ades, on the spot and futures. Barnyards were steady, but no sales reported. Shakespeares fell off, but Bernard Shaws advanced 15 points. —The London market was dull and featureless. Musical comedies ruled steady. Henry Irvings declined to low-water mark. Owing to flattering reports from the United States, Shakespeares and Shaws closed at an advance.

A correspondent writes us to call the attention of the Fire Department to the dangerous condition of the New York theaters on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. "I have watched the audiences on these three nights," he says, "and they are mostly paper." We are sending a marked copy of this issue of PUCK to the Mayor.

The report that Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger will manage the Inauguration at Washington lacks confirmation.

The statement that Mr. Metcalfe was turned away from the Lyceum theater by Force turns out to be a pure canard. The only breakfast food at this theater is "Mush." B. L. T.



PUCK

HIS ENVIABLE CONDITION.



“WAS READING, the other night,” said the Old Codger, in his accustomed philoraculistic way, “an article about an Englishman who is holding down a trading post for the Hudson Bay Company, away up there close to the top of the map. He gets his supplies and mail all in a lump once a year, and the rest of the time he is almost as thoroughly cut off from the rest of creation as if he was buried at sea. Of course, besides his helpers, there are the Eskimos. But I don't s'pose he gets much satisfaction out of the society of the latter; for, as pretty nearly everybody knows, the Eskimos are certainly a very cold and distant people.

“He receives an entire year's numbers of the *London Daily Times* all at once, and each morning he conscientiously unfolds at breakfast a copy of the *Times* just one year old upon that date, and, with gusto, reads the news of a year before. It is said to be a matter of pride and principle with the queer man not to vary this programme, no matter how great the temptation to dig deeper into the pile for later news. Thus, for him, many things which we have forgotten are just beginning to happen. A prominent politician is making the fight of his life for an office for which he has already been unanimously beaten. Our Central American brethren are zealously engaged in pulling-off a revolution which is the predecessor of six others which have already been successfully consummated. A king is stricken with a terrible Latin malady from which he has recovered so long ago that the proper pronunciation of it has been completely forgotten. A famous grand opera troupe is about to inaugurate a triumphal tour from which all of them some time ago finished walking back. And so on, and so forth.

“At first, I was inclined to laugh at this predicament; but, after looking at the matter carefully, it sort of struck me that in several ways it is fully as convenient as it is funny. He has a considerable blessing within his reach any time he desires to make use of it. With him, a year ago is now, if he elects, and whenever he chooses he can project himself forward into the future for quite a distance. Within certain limits, he can turn time backward or forward, to suit himself, just by picking out the proper papers. He can learn all the details of the king's illness, and then turn over and find out whether His Majesty recovered or the operation was the customary success. He can tell whether it is worth while for the Hon. Thomas Rott to perspire for a certain office, and whether the newly-wedded Scrapingtons would better save their money for soothing syrup or for Klaw & Hooks, the divorce brokers. He can learn that, after all, 'most everything is vanity, and not worth fraying out one's brain over; and that it is not necessary to club the tree, for if we'll only wait the peach will fall down to us; and that whatever is due to happen will just simply happen. In short, he stands an excellent chance of becoming a philosopher.

“How often any of us would give almost anything for the ability to peer a year into the future, as that chap to all intents and pur-



IN CHICKTOWN.

OLD STRUTTER.—Hello, young Broiler; what 's the matter now? Catch cold catching the early bird's worm?

YOUNG BROILER.—Nope; I sprained my neck awful at crowing school yesterday.

poses can? Had we been able to do so, the Widow-with-the-six-uncurried-children-and-red-hair Klinger would still be seeking her sturdy oak, and Deacon Flinchpenny would yet be the proud possessor of that balky horse. If the cars were going to run off the track we'd cheerfully have given up the trip. We could just as well hold the picnic Wednesday if we knew it was going to rain cats and dogs on Thursday. No use insuring the store if it isn't going to burn down.

“The more I contemplate that man's situation, the luckier he looks to me. By beginning at the other side of the pile, he can discern the ending of everything before it begins. He is in a position to tell everybody more about themselves than they, themselves, know, and to win bets before he makes 'em; that is, if he could get the bets. Figuratively, he can pretty nearly eat his cake and have it, too. The only detrimental thing about the whole matter seems to be that he is so circumstanced that he can't take advantage of his opportunities.

“Of course, 'most all this is so far-fetched that it gets clear away from sense; but, all the same, there are enough grains of probability in it to make me sorter feel that that lone gentleman up near the top of the map is so fixed that he can have a real satisfactory time of it, even if the Eskimos continue to be cold and distant.” Tom P. Morgan.



A PLAUSIBLE PLEA.

JUDGE.—You are charged with striking your wife. Have you any excuse?

PRISONER.—Insanity, Judge. I was insane.

JUDGE.—How can you prove it?

PRISONER.—Well, just look at me, Judge.

SOMETIMES AS a woman grows older she becomes less dressy and more bossy.



THE POLITICAL BARBAR

"Who touches a hair on yon s
Dies like a dog! March on!"

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM READING ROOM.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

L. BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

a hair on yon swelled head
log! March on!" he said.



A SKATING MATCH.

BESSIE.—How on earth did Algy get engaged to Miss Shadyside?
TOM.—Not on earth, but on ice. He rashly said, Lean on me, Miss Shadyside; I'll support you.

AN AIR SHAFT SERENADE.

UP THE air shaft I'm singing to thee;
To my song, dearest heart, give an ear.
Walls of whitewash resound with my plea;
Open wide then thy door, sweet, and hear.
Open wide then thy door;
I reside on the floor
Just above thee, the fourth 't is by name;
But in aught else, my love,
I'm below, not above,
The coy maiden whose hand I would claim.

Do not fear interruption, my pet;
The bread it has come, and the meat;
Though the grocer has been and gone, yet
Will I be in my wooing discreet.
I will be in my song
What I've been all along,
A most humble young tenant, that's all;
But my hope is to dwell
In thy heart, love, as well.
Prithee come to that hole in the wall.

Up the air shaft I'm singing to thee;
Let us trust against fire 't is proof.
If it's not, dear, my pleadings will be
So intense they will burn through the roof.
So intense they will burn;
Dearest love, do not spurn
Such affection when spread thee before.
Say, my sweet, may I hope?
Oh, delight! We'll elope,
While the dumb-waiter's there at thy floor!

A. H. F.

THE FABLE OF THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

ONCE upon a time there was an Ant. There are a few now, but this was another one. He was the one to whom Solomon referred when he said "Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard."

The Sluggard, however, was a very lazy Sluggard, and the Ant came to him before he had made up his mind to start. The Sluggard was dozing on the ground and the Ant crawled down his shirt collar. A good, healthy red ant inside a shirt beats Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling.

This Ant never read the Sunday papers. He did n't know a Walking Delegate from Pennsylvania from an ordinary Hobo; so he was much behind the times, and carried on his mining operations without any of the relaxation which any self-respecting modern Ant

would demand. When he worked for wages, he never struck for three grains of Cayenne pepper per day instead of two.

One day this Ant was busy handling up subsoil when he observed a Grasshopper. This Grasshopper was chewing tobacco and enjoying life generally. He eyed the Ant with contemptuous pity.

"Say," he remarked, "it makes me tired just to watch you. Come on and let's go fishing."

But the Ant could n't hear him. He continued to bring up the clay. He was building a new cold-storage cellar to his house.

Every day the Grasshopper would come and watch the Ant pile mud. He sat upon a goodsbox and chewed and whittled. When the Ant was taking things out of his tin pail, after the whistle had blown, the Grasshopper would quote proverbs to him. "Consider the lilies of the field," he would say. The Ant would consider a bit and then go over and crawl into the lily and get a drop of honey.

By the time it began to turn cold, the Ant had finished his cellar. One morning, when he had got up early to clean the snow off his front walk, he found the Grasshopper in his yard, frozen stiff. The Ant got his meat saw and went to work. By and by he had all the pieces stowed away in his fine new cellar. Later on he organized a Meat Trust, and next year was elected to the Senate.

The rest of what Solomon said was, "consider its ways and be wise."

Emmett Campbell Hall.

THE Mayflower was a very small ship. In selecting her the Pilgrims are now thought to have had in mind their numbers as Pilgrims, merely, rather than their numbers as ancestors.



THE CHAUFFEUR'S FATE.

"Jack, you see, was getting on so finely as an amateur chauffeur that father promised him a much larger machine—"

"Oh, how splendid!"

"Wait!—And put him in charge last Monday morning of one of the firm's big auto-trucks."

DECIDE FOR YOURSELF

Ask for beer, and you get the brew which pays the dealer best.

Say "Schlitz," and you get the best beer in the world for you.

You get that which costs the brewer double what common beer costs.

A beer brewed in absolute cleanliness and cooled in filtered air. A beer that is aged until it cannot cause biliousness. A beer that is sterilized after the bottle is sealed.

There is no other beer ever brewed that compares with it.

When your physician prescribes beer, it is always "Schlitz Beer," because of its purity. Isn't it just as important for you to say "Schlitz?" Ask for the brewery bottling.



The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



THE HONOR OF THE GRAND PRIZE

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was awarded

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for the highest order of merit
in all the elements of a perfect
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PUCK, New York.

THE REPUBLICAN leaders up state
have a plan to pass laws which will
free New York City from graft and
grabs. In other and simpler words,
the Albany pot is going to scour the
Fourteenth Street kettle.

APROPOS OF the corner in eggs,
let us take comfort in the fact that,
were it not for a sheltering tariff of
five cents on the dozen, our markets
might now be ruled by the "cheap
pauper" hens of Canada and Mexico.

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Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

A REVEREND gen-
tleman in England
says that London's
fate will be that of
Pompeii and Hercu-
laneum and also,
that he "weeps to
think of it." If he
has time, he might
figure out where the
Vesuvius is to come
from.

SAID NORTHERN
Securities to the Beef
Trust: "How do
you like it your-
self?"



YOU can't expect a *made-in-a
hurry* cocktail to satisfy a palate
used to better things. CLUB
Cocktails are the original brand
and the best.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Ver-
mouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin
and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

DR. MERO, a
cheerful German
scientist, says that
the world's food sup-
ply will run short in
A. D. 3000. By gen-
eral adoption of the
no-breakfast fad,
however, the crisis
may be postponed a
few years longer.

THE RUSSIAN
Commander, General
Myloff, has a name
which some might
say suggests the bet-
ter part of valor.



PLATONIC.

MAG.—Wot is "platonic affection," Liz? Is it love?

LIZ.—Well, no;—it ain't *true* love! Dere ain't no quarreling in it,
ner no fighting, ner worrying, ner hocking, ner drinking, ner getting
arrested fer non-support, ner *nuthin'* wot 's really passionate!

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a
glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest
aid to digestion known.

JUDGING by the immunity from
punishment which Paul Morton seems
to have secured by reason of his rebate
confessions, it will soon be the fashion
with railroad and trust gentry to turn
Inter-State's evidence.

A NEAT bit of description says that
"good nature promotes every line" of
the face of Yale's new football cap-
tain. And particularly, let us add,
when the opposing interference is com-
ing around his end.

AS SOON as the snow is off the
ground, fruit farmers are going to make
things interesting for the San Jose
scale. The San Jose scale makes as
much trouble on fruit farms as the
sliding scale does in labor circles.

**Insures
Good
Digestion**

**McILHENNY'S
Tabasco Sauce**

A Most Delightful Seasoning
For Soups, Salads, Oysters, Clams, Fish,
Lobsters, Chops, Roasts, Sauces, Gravies, etc.
It imparts a delicious flavor, gives a keen appetite and
stimulates the digestion. Indispensable for the table
and in the kitchen. Ask your dealer for
McILHENNY'S TABASCO
the original and best. In use nearly half a century.
FREE—write for interesting booklet of
new and unique recipes.
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PAY FOR CHAMPAGNE—NOT FOR DUTY

COOK'S
CHAMPAGNE *Imperial*
Extra dry
SERVED EVERYWHERE

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HUDSON
THE NATURAL
WHISKEY
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.
THE MAYER BROS. CO. CINCINNATI—U.S.A.

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medical specialists for the past 25 years.

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THE STORY of the dog that bit the chorus girl would have read much
better if the chorus girl had bitten the dog. Where was the press agent, anyhow?

THEY BUY Australian Beef in the Philippines for half what American Beef
costs there, so at last we know what the Philippines are good for. The Islands
are first-rate places to settle in if you're trying to dodge the Beef Trust.

Do NOT judge either hastily or
harshly the polar bear who froze to
death in Chicago. He may have be-
longed to a bear family that lived no
nearer to the North Pole than Ex-
plorer Baldwin got.

A MEMBER of Waterbury's Anti-
profanity Club says with much impres-
siveness that he once heard a minister
say "damn." That is nothing. We
have heard ministers say "Hell" at
least six times in one morning sermon.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



RESOURCEFUL ANIMALS.

Oh! when the Beavers coasting go
Adown a glassy hill,
They use their tails for sleds—Ho! Ho!—
And steer their course with skill.

THE SPOTS on the sun may possibly be advertisements, the face of the earth being already utilized.

IF HE were so disposed, President Castro could write something on the subject of Frenzied Finance that would fairly sizzle.



MURAD CIGARETTES give the ultimate perfection of Turkish tobacco, a perfect blending of the rarest growths. Mr. Allan Ramsay, in his sixteen years' service as Turkey's government expert, has led his skill up to

MURAD CIGARETTES

Try them when business skies are darkly blue. They scatter sunbeams and lighten up the gloomy recesses of disturbing problems.

10 for 15 cents

AGE AND PURITY MAKE SUNNY BROOK A PERFECT WHISKEY.



"ATTENTION"

The U.S. Government protects its citizens against COUNTERFEIT MONEY; it also protects them against COUNTERFEIT WHISKEY.

Genuine whiskey is bottled under government supervision in its pure natural state, and bears a little green stamp over the cork, which is the government guarantee that the whiskey is absolutely pure and properly aged. Every bottle of **SUNNY BROOK WHISKEY** bottled in bond bears this stamp.

**THE ONLY WHISKEY AWARDED
GRAND PRIZE AND GOLD MEDAL
AT ST. LOUIS WORLDS FAIR**

THE BEEF TRUST is probably of the opinion that somebody, somewhere, "ran amuck."

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, leader of the House Democrats, shows signs of becoming the "off" leader.

WE AGREE with Mr. Jerome that it is hard to enforce the Raines law, but not so hard as to eat a Raines law sandwich.

NOW is the time to poke up your Congressman on the subject of garden seeds. It looks, from the roof of Puck Building, like an early spring.

NOW THAT the man "higher up" is again in danger of detection, John Doe will do the wise thing if he puts all his money in Jane Doe's name.

IF THE Beef Trust decision has anything more than a passing significance, some of our Captains of Industry may find themselves reduced to the ranks.

SOME PAPERS have a queer idea of news. Here is one with a story that a state legislature is "full of grafters," and it puts the thing on the first page too.

GENERAL NOGI has written a poem, so Eastern despatches say. We have n't seen a copy, but very likely it begins: "All quiet along the dark Yalu to-night."

Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

By wearing the kind that moves when you do—that's **PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS**. You can't feel them; long wearers—smart lookers. 50c any store or mailed.

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necting with all Ferries pass the door.



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Furnished or Unfurnished.
Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.
EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

A FRENCHMAN observes that Amer-
ican women do not know how to walk.
Not since they took to French heels.

THERE SEEMS to be no truth in the
rumor that "Paper Collar Joe" is to
expose his particular bunco "system"
in *Nobody's Magazine*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



FIVE O'CLOCK.

MRS. RABBIT.—Do you take cream and sugar, Mr. Hippo?

MR. HIPPO.—Yes, please! A quart of cream and three dozen
lumps of sugar.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass
of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful
tonic it makes.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

A Natural Spring Water. Has been before the
public for thirty years. It has been tested by lead-
ing physicians at home and abroad. We would
like to send you a pamphlet giving the experience
of these physicians with its use in **BRIGHT'S
DISEASE, ALBUMINURIA, GOUT, RHEU-
MATISM** and all **URIC ACID TROUBLES**.

For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

GOLD has been discovered at Palm Beach. The only trouble with it is
that it has already been minted.

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard slates football mercilessly. Chancellor
MacCracken of New York University objects to a parade of college students
at President Roosevelt's inauguration, on the ground that it asks nothing from
their brains. President Thwing of Western Reserve asks solemnly: "Should
college students study?" Verily, verily, these be perilous days for the young
gent in the bulldog pipe and rah-rah hair.

RED TOP RYE

AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
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The Peerless Seasoning

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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE adds enjoyment to every dinner.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day."

Trimble

Whiskey
Green Label.

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WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793

HOW FLEETING is fame! Even the law seems to be forgetting the fact that Mrs. Chadwick ever existed.

WE HEAR that Mr. Carnegie's new lake at Princeton College is to be filled with vichy. This is n't as good for the head, Mr. Carnegie, as Blue Jay Splits.

JOHN HAY is being prominently mentioned in Washington for the Cabinet. We hope there is something in it. He is a bright young man and has never had any connection with the railroads. We commend him to the President.

The Ring or The Bank?

NOW is the time to start a Diamond Savings Account

Select the Diamond you would like to own and wear from our 1905 Catalogue and it will be sent at once on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth of the price and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. We open these accounts with all honest persons who want to save. Diamonds will pay 20 per cent profit from increased values in 1905, or five times better than banks. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Write for Catalog today.

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Dept. B 80 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
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MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

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Correct Hats For Men.

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March 6th and 7th
SPECIAL EXCURSION
BY
**SOUTHERN
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STEAMER PROTEUS FROM NEW YORK
MARCH 1ST, 1905, NOON
\$70.00
Including all expenses of trip.

INQUIRE
Boston, 170 Washington St. Philadelphia, 632 Chestnut St.
New York, 340 Broadway Baltimore, Pijer Building,
Syracuse, 129 South Franklin St. Baltimore St.


MR. FAIRBANKS is so tall that when he stands up on the Vice-Presidential dais in the Senate Chamber, the reporters in the Press Gallery could pull his hair if he had any.

THE LITERARY outlook in New England is said to be very bad. Mr. Lawson has cornered all the words in the market for use in his story of "Little Tommy in Wall Street; or, the Skinner Skun."

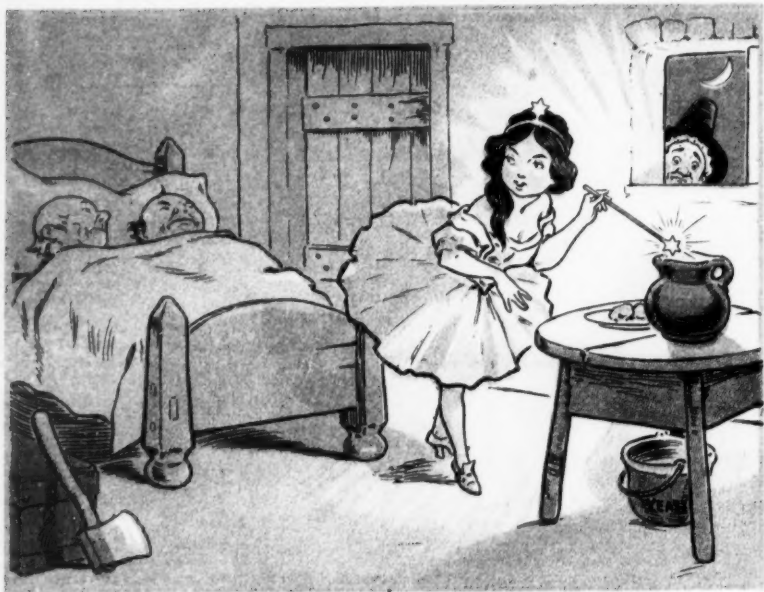


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PUCK



I.
THE GOOD FAIRY.—These sturdy woodchoppers should rise above their life. Here will I change their poor fare into good food and drink.



II.
THE WITCH.— Yes; they must rise. I, too, will help them.



III.
THE WOODCHOPPERS.— Good is no name for this fare. I 'm beginning to gain already. Surely 't was our good fairy.



IV.
BOTH.— We are bewitched! Enchanted!



V.
THE WITCH.— Yes, Grimalkin, they will rise above all earthly things; but great shall be —



VI.
THE WITCH.— Their fall!

A RISE IN THE WORLD.